



you please, Sir——” The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid-gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. “Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I’ve been changed in the night? Let me think: *was* I the

same when I got up this morning? I can remember feeling a little odd, but I’m not the same, the next question is ‘*What world am I?*’ Ah, *that’s* the great question she began thinking over all the changes that were of the same age as herself, and could have been changed for any other.

“I’m sure I’m not Ada,” she said, “I’ve got such long ringlets, and mine are no ringlets at all; and I’m sure I can’t be Mabel, I know all sorts of things, and she doesn’t know such a very little! Besides, *she’s* dead, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I know all the things I used to know, four times five is twelve, and four times seven is thirteen, and four times seven shall never get to twenty at that rate! But the Multiplication-Table doesn’t seem to work any more. Geography is all wrong, I’m certain! London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome is all wrong, I’m certain! I must have been for Mabel! I’ll try and say ‘*How do you do*’ and she crossed her hands on her forehead, and were saying lessons, and began to cry, and her voice sounded hoarse and the words did not come the same as they